ASTRAY.

- Afar in the west the sun went down
  In a shimmering mist of golden rain,
  As the grumbling berd swept o'er the crown
  Of a grassy mound on the rolling plain.
  A thousand wild-eyed, savage head,
  Spurred by the yells of a savage train,
  That swong the lash they had learned a
  dread
- With crack-like shots, and maddening pain. "Round 'em up, Dick!" and a low-browed On a horse foam-flecked, and with rapid
- Flew like a hawk with wings aslant
  At the mutinous break in the foremose van-Then stopped aghast. By a prairie spring, From ribbon-grass and pitcher-plant From ribbon-grass and pitcher-plant Platting a girlish crown and ring. But the child of a wandering emigrant.
- Right in the track of a thundering herd! With round eves staring at the sight,
  Beyond the reach of warning word,
  Her lip a-quiver with affiright.
  Right in the track of flinty feet,
  Hard as the owner of the ranch,
  Her hair entwined with flowers to meet
  Death's face beneath that avalanche.
- Men did not speak in jest of Dick— "Red Dick," though hair and beard were
- gray— m of the West with trigger quick, A son of the west wan brasses.
  And at cards an oddly winning way.
  Black were the tales they might have told.
  Those devil saids in his buckskin belt.
  Of what can man, in his th rest for gold.
  Had done since he as a child had knelt.
- Had be a heart? But yesterday Over the mound the horseman sped, Quicker than flash of a mountain ent, Till he reached the bellowing torrent's head, And the air sung shrill with his lariat.
- Heavens! 'Twas close. The snaky noose Circled her waist as the mad horse passed 'Mid a roar like a cyclone broken loose, As the herd crashed down at the lasso's east.
- cast.

  The crown she had made was deep in earth

  Ere she was a rod from the rivulet's flow;

  Her scarf on a bull's horn reached Fort

  Worth.
- But the girl swung safe from the saddle
- And Dick? From the noose to his own strong arm
  He shifted the child with a cheering nod,
  As he found that the mite had met no harm
  In her sudden flight from the parie sod.
  And a thrill shot through his own wild heart
  That filled with a feeling so sweet and odd,
  That it seemed from his old life miles apart,
  When the child, looking up, asked: "Is you
  Gad?"

God?'

—John Preston True, in Congregationalist.

## CALLED BACK.

▲ Well-Told Story of Continuous and Absorbing Interest.

BY RUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED. To-morrow I would tell her all. I would tell her how strangely our lives became linked. I would plead for her love more passionately than ever man yet pleaded. I would prove to her how innocently I had fallen into Ceneri's schemes-how free from blame I was in wedding her whilst her mental state

was such that she was unable to refuse consent. All this she should learn, and then I would hear my doom from her I would urge no plea based upon my legal right to my wife. So far as I

could make her she should be free. Nothing should bind her to me except love. If she had none to give me I would tear myself from her, and at her wish see if steps could not be taken to annul the marriage-but whether she elected to remain my wife in name, to become my wife in reality, or to sever every tie, her future life, with or without her knowledge, should be my care. By this time to-morrow my fate should be known.

Having settled this I should have retired to rest; but I was in no mood for sleep. Again and again I recalled her last words and commenced one of those weighings of hopes and fears which always means self-torture. Why, if Pauline had guessed the truth, had she not asked me about it? How could she knowing she was my wife, yet not knowing how she became so? Would her words admit of the interpretation that she dreaded what she had to learn Did she wish for freedom and continual forgetfulness? So, on and on until I

made myself quite miserable. Many a man on the eve of learning whether his love is to be accepted or rejected has been racked as I was that night, but surely no lover save myself ever lived who was to receive the momentous answer from the lips of a woman who was already his wife.

The hour was late when I returned from my solitary walk. I passed Pauline's window, and standing gazing up at it I wondered if she, too, were lying awake and thinking and deciding about our future lives. Ah, well, to-morrow would put us both out of suspense.

The night being still and warm her window was open at the top. Before I turned away a fancy seized me. I picked a rose from a bush in the garden and managed to toss it through the open sash. She might find it in the morning and guessing from whom it came might wear it. It would be a

The blind shivered as the rosebud struck it; then, fearing discovery, I turned and fled.

The morning broke fair. I rose with hope in my heart and scouted the fears of the night. At the earliest moment I could hope to find her I started in search of Pauline. She had just gone out. I ascertained in which way, and

I found her walking slowly, with her head bent. She greeted me with her usual quiet sweetness, and we walked on side by side. I looked in vain for me rose; and was fain to comfort myself by thinking it must have fallen where she could not see it. Nevertheless, I was troubled.

And there was worse in store for me. Her hands, ungloved and with the fingers interlaced, were carried in front of her. I was walking on her left side, and I saw that the hand nearest me was denuded of its rings. The golden circlet which had shone until now like beacon of hope, had disappeared. My heart sank. The meaning was only too clear; when coupled with her words of last night, who could fail to understand

of Although she knew herself to be my wife she wished to throw the yoke side. Pauline loved me not-the truth which was gradually creeping from the misty past would bring her sorrownow that she remembered, she wished to forget. The rings were cast aside to show me, if possible, without words, that she was not to be my wife.

How could I speak now? The answer had been given before the question had been put.

She saw me looking at that little white hand of hers, but simply dropped her lashes and said nothing. No doubt she wished me to spare her the pain of an explanation. If I could nerve myself to it, perhaps the best thing would be to leave her as speedily as possible—

leave her to return no more. Moody and despondent as I felt at the discovery just made, it was not long before I found a great change in Pauline's manner. She was not the same. Something had come between us, something which entirely dispelled the old friendly intercourse; changing it into little more than conventional politeness. Shyness and constraint now made themselves manifest in every word and action - perhaps, in mine also. We spent the day together as usual, but the companionship must have been irksome to both, so greatly was its footing changed for the worse. That night I went to bed wretched. The prize I had striven for seemed to be matched away just as I had hoped to

win it. So several days passed. Pauline made no sign, or certainly none I could construe favorably. I could bear this whose sharp eyes saw that something was amiss, pestered me beyond endurance; and spoke her mind so roundly that I began to suspect she had already executed her threat of telling Pauline everything; and I felt inclined to attribute my failure to the old woman's officiousness in making a premature revelation. All might have gone well had I been given another week or a fortnight to win my wife's heart. I be gan to believe that she was growing unhappy; that my presence troubled her. Not that she evinced any wish

to avoid me; indeed, she came so surely at my beek and call as to suggest a shadow of the obedience she had always given during those days upon which I now dreaded to dwell. But I felt she would be happier and more at ease in my absence. So I resolved to depart.

I could not go without explaining some things to her. I need not pain her by alluding to our relationship, but must inform her that she was not the heiress she believed. I must tell her she had plenty to live upon without saying that I, her husband, would supply When this was arranged, farewell

forever! As soon as I had finished my pretense at a breakfast, I walked across to the house where Pauline lodged. As yet she knew nothing of my purpose. I held her hand rather longer than usual, and by a desperate effort forced words

"I am come to say good-bye. I go to London to-day.' She answered not a word, but I felt ner hand tremble in my own. Her eyes could not see.

"Yes, I have loitered here long enough," I continued, attempting to speak easily; "a great many things call ne to town. Pauline was not looking in the best of

health this morning. Her cheek was paler than it had been since my arrival. looked languid and depressed. Doubtless my presence had worried her. Poor girl, she would soon be relieved of

Seeing that I paused for her to speak she found her voice, but even that seemed to have lost some of its freshness and tone

"When do you go?" was all that she said. Not a word about my return! "By the mid-day coach. I have still some hours left. As it is the last time, shall we walk to the Clearing togeth-

"Do you wish it?" "If you have no objection. Besides. want to speak to you about yourselfbout business matters," I added, to show that she need not fear the inter-"I will come," she said, quitting the

room hurriedly. I waited. Presently Priscilla appeared. She was looking daggers at

ne-undeserved, at least from her. Her voice was harsh and raspy, bringing back to my mind a familiar sound of early childhood, when I had committed some petty crime which excited

"Miss Pauline begs you will walk on and not wait for her. She will join you at the Clearing presently."

I took my hat and prepared to do as commanded. Priscilla had said nothing which showed she knew of my approaching departure, but as I passing out of the house she said, in a one of withering scorn: "Master Gilbert, you're a bigger fool

than I thought you were. Such an observation, even from an old servant, could not be passed by. I turned to remonstrate. Priscilla simply slantmed the door almost against my

I walked away-the thing in the face of my other troubles was not worth thought. Of course I could not expect Priscilla to enter into my feelings and appreciate the delicacy of my position. talk with her before I left.

The Clearing, as we called it, was a place on the hillside, not far away. We ad stumbled upon it, almost by accident, during our walks. A seldom trodden path through the wood led to a spot from which the trees and under-growth had been cleared. From it there was a delightful view of the opposite hills and the stream winding through the vailey. It was a favorite resort of mine. Here I sat for hours talking to Pauline, and here in my dreams I had oured forth the words of love I longed o speak-and here I was to say good

My frame of mind was a sad one when I reached the Clearing. I threw myself down on the sloping ground and turned my eyes up the path by which she must come. A fallen trunk at my back formed a rest for my head-the trees around were rustling in the soft breeze the monotonous rush of the stream below was soothing and lulling a few white clouds salled slowly

scross the sky. It was a drowsy. freamy, beautiful morning. I had scarcely slept for the last two or three nights. Pauline lingered. Is it any aights. wonder that my eyes closed and for while all sorrow and disappointment were chased away by the sleep I so sorely needed?

Was it sleep? Yes, because one must sleep in order to dream. Ah! if that dream were reality life would be worth naving. I dreamed that my wife was eside me, that she took my hand and pressed her lips to it passionately, that er cheek was almost touching mine, that I could feel her soft, sweet breath. So real did it seem that I turned on my ard rustic pillow toward the dream, and then of course it vanished.

I opened my eyes. In front of me stood Pauline. Those grand dark eyes of hers no longer veiled by the lashes, but open and looking into mine. I saw hem but for a second, but that was ong enough for the look I had surorised to send the blood throbbing hrough my veins—to make me spring o my feet—to embolden me to take her suddenly and swiftly in my arms-to cover her sweet face with kisses, ejaculating the only words that one can find at such a time: "I love you! I love you!

love you!" For no man yet has seen in woman's eyes the look I saw in Paulne's unless that woman loves him bove all the world. " Pauline! Pauline!" I cried; "do

you love me?" A trembling which I knew was joy passed over her.
"Do I love you! love you!"

said, and hid her blushing face on my shoulder. The words, the action, was nough, but presently she raised her and pressed her lips to mine. "I love you—yes, I love you, my husband!" "When did you know? When did

ou remember? For a moment she answered not. She broke from my embrace; then, opening the bosom of her dress, drew forth a blue ribbon which hung round her neck. Upon it were threaded the two rings. They seemed to sparkle with joy in the bright sun.

She detached them and held them toward me. "Gilbert, my love, my husband, if you will that I shall be your wife, if you think me worthy of it, take them and place them where they should be."

And then once more, with many a kiss, many a vow, I placed the rings upon her finger and knew that my troubles were at an end.

"But when did you know—when did the memory come back?" "Dearest," she whispered, and her voice sounded like music. "I knew it when I saw you standing on the river bank. It came to me all at once. Till then all was dark. I saw your face and knew everything."

way aid you not tell me? She hung her head. "I wanted to find out if you loved me. Why should you do so? If you did not we could part, and I would set you free if possi-ble. But not now, Gilbert; you will er get rid of me now."

Her thoughts had been the same as mine. No wonder I had misunderstoo The idea of her waiting to see if I loved her seemed so preposterous!
"You would have saved me days of grief if I had known you cared for me. Why did you take off the rings, Paul-

"Day after day passed and you said nothing. Then I took them off. They have been next my heart ever since, waiting for you to give back when you

I kissed the hand on which they shone Then all is clear to you now, my own wife?' "Not quite all, but enough. The

truth, the love, the devotion-all this,

my husband, I can remember-all this I

will repay, if my love can do it." Our wooing may close with these words-let all the rest be sacred. The trees around alone know what passed between us, as their kindly shae on us where we sat and interchanged our words of love whilst hour after hour of our second and real wedding day slipped by. At last we rose, but lingered yet awhile, as though loth to leave the spot where happiness had We looked round once come to us. more and bid farewell to hill and valley and stream; we gazed long in each oth ers's eyes, our lips met in a passionate kiss; then we went forth together to the

world and the new sweet life awaiting We walked as in a dream, from which we were only recalled by the sight of houses and people.

"Pauline!" I whispered "can you leave this place to-night? We will go to London "And afterward?" she asked, wistfully

"Can you ask me? To Italy, of course She thanked me with a look and pressure of the hand. We were now at her home. She left me, passing Priscilla, whose honest eyes were now glowering at me. Priscilla had called me a fool; l must be revenged.

"Priscilla," I said, gravely, "I am going by this evening's coach. I will when I get to London."

I had my revenge in full. The good old soul almost fell weeping at my feet. "Oh, Master Gilbert, don'tee, don'tee go, sir! That poor young lady, Miss Pauline, what will she do? She loves the very ground you tread upon."

I had bargained for reproaches, not sentiment of this kind. I laid my hand

"But Priscilla, Miss Pauline-Mrs. Vaughan, my wife, goes with me."

Priscilla's tears came more copiously than before, but they were tears of joy. Ten days later and Pauline stood be side her brother's grave. By her own wish she visited it alone. I waited at the gate of the cemetery until she re joined me. Her face was very pale, her eyes showed traces of many tears, but she smiled as she met my anxious glance. "Gilbert, my husband," she said.

"I have wept, but now I smile. The past is past. Let its darkness be dispersed by the brightness of the present and the promise of the future. Let the love I bore my brother be carried into the greater love I give my husband. Let us turn our backs on the dark shadows and begin our lives.'

Have I more to tell? One thing only. Years afterward I was in Paris. 1ne great war had been fought out to the bitter end. Traces of the conflict beween the two races had almost vanshed, but those of the second and internecine contest were visible everywhere. The Gaul himself had destroyed what the Teuton spared. The Tuileries, with sightless, empty eyes, gazed sadly to ward the Place de la Concorde, where stood the statues of the fair lost provinces. The Vendome column lay pros-The fair city was charred and blackened by the incendiary torches of her own sons; but the flames had been some time extinguished and ample revenge had been taken. A gay young officer, a friend of mine, took me to see military prison. We were chatting and smoking in the open air when a small body of soldiers appeared. They were escorting three men, who walked

"Who are they?" I asked.
"Blackguard Communists." "Where are they taking them?"

with fettered hands and bowed heads.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "Where they ought all to be taken—to be shot, the brutes!" Brutes or not, three men who have out a minute to live must be objects of nterest if not sympathy. I looked close y at them as they passed us. One of them raised his head and stared me in the face. It was Macari!

I started as his eyes met mine, but I am not ashamed to say the movement was caused by no feeling of compassion. Ceneri, in spite of myself, I pitied, and would have aided had it been possible, but this ruffian, liar and traito have gone to his doom even if I could have saved him by lifting a finger. He and passed long ago out of my life, but my blood still boiled when I thought of nim and his crimes. I knew not how he had lived since I last saw him—knew not whom or how many he had be traved: but if Justice had been slow in claiming him, her sword had at last reached him and his end was close at

and. He knew me-perhaps he thought I had come there to gloat over his pun-ishment. A look of bitter hate crossed his face. He stopped and cursed me. The guard forced him on. He turned his head and cursed me until one of the soldiers smote him in the mouth. action may have been cruel, but there was little mercy shown to Communists in those days. The guard and their prisoners turned round an angle of the

building.
"Shall we see the end?" said my friend, flipping the ash off his cigar.

"No, thank you." But we heard it. In ten minutes the rattle of rifes sounded, and I knew that the last and guiltiest of Anthony March's murderers had found his de

I remembered my promise to Ceneri. With great trouble I managed to get a message sent which I believed would reach him. Six months afterward a letter stamped with hieroglyphical post marks, was delivered to me. It told me that the prisoner to whom I had written had died two years after his arrival at the mines. So the lesser criminal had not the satisfaction of knowing the fate of the man who had betrayed

My tale is told. My life and Pauline's began when we turned from that ceme tery and resolved to forget the past Since then our joys and griefs have been the same as those of thousands. As I write this in my happy country house, blessed with wife and children I wonder if I could ever have been that blind man who heard those fearful sounds and who saw afterward that terrible sight. Could it have been I who rushed from one end of Europe to the other to set at rest a doubt which I blush at even harboring? Could it have been Pauline, whose eyes now shine with love and intelligence, who lay for months even years, with the sweet bells of her intellect jangled and

Yes, it must be so; for she has read every line I have written, and as we peruse and revise this last page her arm steals round me, and she says, insisting that I shall record her utter-

"Too much, too much of me, my husband, not enough of what you did and have always done for me! With this, the only difference of oninion that exists between us, my tale

[THE END.]

YANKEE DOODLE'S ORIGIN. Lydia Fisher's Jig" Imported from Hol-land by Way of Old England.

Every once in a while our national song, "Yaakee Doodle," is the cause of a spirited dispute among those who search after the origin of such things. Such a controversy is on just at present, and it is reviving some interesting history about that old-fashioned tune. From the best theories that can be formed it is probable that "Yankee Doodle" first came from Holland. In the low countries of that kingdom there has long been a song which the harvesters sang, illustrating the fact that buttermilk and one-tenth of the grain they gathered was given as the price of their labor. It runs thus:

Yanker didel, doodel down, Didel, dudel lauter. Yanke viver, voover vown, Botermilk und Tanther,

The air to which these words were sung was afterwards carried to En-gland and applied to words written in derision of Cromwell almost exactly as they are known in this country and named "Nankee Doodle." The song was brought to this land soon after the landing of our forefathers, and was known as "Lydia Fisher's Jig." 1775 the regular troops, while the Con-tinental Congress was discussing the question of separating from the mother country, used to sing the air to such verses as these:

"Nankee Doodle came to town, For to buy a firelock; We will tar and feather him, And so we will John Hancock

It was not adopted by the Americans as a familiar air until after the battles of Concord and Lexington, when the brigade under Lord Percy marched out of Boston, playing, by way of contempt, "Lydia Fisher's Jig," or what is now known as "Yankee Doodle."—Phila-

An Illustration of His Picturesque a Fervid Oratory-His Oath and His Farewell-The Millions of Money Collected.

[W. A. Croffut.] So Kossuth is not dead after all, though as he is 82, the event prematurely anne sannot be long postponed. His tour through this country is one of the great events of t century. It is thirty-three years last week since the illustrious exile landed in New York and stirred up such a patriotic furor and frenzy. I remember running away from school and walking nine miles and back to hear the flaming orator speak from the balcony of the Massasoit house at Springfield. He was the hero of the hour. He quite left Daniel Web-ster in the shade in the matter of eloquence. It was the year of revolutions in France, in Germany, in Ireland, in Austria, in Italy, in South America. The Yanke heart was warm, and "the Magyar patriot" collected I forget how many million dollars, issued his personal notes for it and carried it back to the lands beyond the sea. It was going to be spent to make his countrymen free—oh, yes, every cant, of it! I ob, yes, every cent of it! I remember the oath to that effect which he registered in Tripler hall to an audience of Germans the night before he sailed away, and I quote the end of it as an illustration of his picturesque,

fervid and flamboyant style:
"Now, by the God who led my people from the prairies of distant Asia to the banks of the Danube—the Danube whose waves have brought to us religion, science and civilization from Germany, and in whose waters the tears of Germany and Hungary have mingled; by the God who led us when on the the bulwark of Christianity; by the God who gave strength to our arms in the struggle for freedom till our oppressor, this godless house which weighed so heavily for centuries on which weighed so heavily for centuries on the liberties of Germany, was humbled and sunk to be an underling of the Muscovite czar; by the ties of the common op-pression which tortures our nations; by the ties of the love of liberty and hatred of tyranny that boil in our veins alike; by the memory of the day when the Germans of Vienna rose to bar the way which led to Hungary, against the hirelings of despotism; by the blood from Hungarian hearts which flowed on the plains of Schwechat for the deliverance of Vienna; by the Almighty Eye which watches over the des-tinies of mankind—by all these I have pledged and do pledge myself again that the people of Hungary will keep this covenant honestly, faithfully, truly, in life and in death. Exert your influence and active aid in behalf of the movement for freedom in Europa. I can assure you that there are hundreds of thousands there who take this for their motto which the German singers

ang the other day, and which I repeat from the depth of my heart: The shield and spear shall never rust Till fees shall crumble into dust. May God keep me—this my oath, and my oath is my farewell."

He swore vigorously, spiritedly, beautifully, the eloquent Magyar. His speech was a shining sword--a tongue of fire. I never knew what was done with the money. But it is said that his sisters in Prague boarding house no more. The eminent exile himself has ever since lived in London, Gen-eva and Turin. Whatever became of this fund the American people were not the loser. The eloquence and heart-thrilling ring were worth the money they cost. It is worth \$10,-000,000 any day for the youth of a country to get thoroughly stirred up in behalf of ustice and human freedom.

Not Exactly Murder.

This cry in a well known hotel in Detroit the other afternoon, proceeding from a room on the third floc;, caught the ears of several chambermaids and created instant const. nation.

"Oh! Heavens!" It was the voice of a man who shrieked the words from room No. 40, and the chambermaids at once sent a messenger to the office with the news that murder was being committed.

"Don't kill me by inches!" These words alarmed others besides the chambermaids, and the group of three or four presently grew to a dozen. Who occupied the room! One of the chambermaids recollected of seeing a beetle-brown man of general piratical look, accompanied by a woman closely voiled, enter No. 40. Was he killing her!
"Oh! oh! you are killing me!"

It was the voice of the man. The veiled woman had got him in her power, and seemed to be submitting him to some sort of torture. Several of the crowd knocked on the door at once, and one of the chamber-maids demanded in a falsetto voice that it be opened at once. There was a ha! ba! ha from the veiled woman, and the voice of the What, do you mock at my misery!

A clerk came from the office and de manded admittance in the name of the law the continental congress, and several other things, and after some little delay the door ned and a woman stood in the open ing and asked what was wanted. "What's going on in there-who's being hurt!"

She laughed her ha! ha! again, and it was echoed by the voice of a man behind her.
"What's all this about?" shouted the clerk.
"What's all this about?" shouted the clerk. "Why, sir," she demurely replied, "I was only pulling a porous plaster off my hus-

around the bottom of the sash. Then it would surely hold. But if people who are The Paragrapher. caught in such a tight place would only [Cari Pretzel.] think of that simple little scheme of shutting As age peetles his brow mit goot knowlthe window behind them I'll guarantes that edges of der vorldt, Tommy goes out to patthat there will be fewer lives lost at fires." tle it. From early shildhoot oop, he vas shuck full mit merriments, und he vas wride all dis tings down. He has gone on der news-paper pishness, und many of dhem wood hafe found a grafe yart out, ofer it don't vas

A Boston man won eighteen hats on the election, and ever sody who comes into the house bothers his wife almost to death by

THE ALBANY CAPITOL

ONE AND TWO

|Boston Transcript.

If you to me be cold, Or I be false to you, The world will go on, I think, Just as it used to do; The clouds will flirt with the moon,

The clouds will first with the moon, The sun will kiss the son.

The wind to the trees will whisper, And laugh at you and me. But the sun will not shine so bright, The clouds will not seem so white, To one as they will to two; So I think you had better be kind, And I had best be true,

If the whole of a page be read, If a book be finished through, Still the world may read on, I think,

The pages we have passed, And the treacherous gold of the binding Will glitter unto the last.

Just as it used to do:

For other lovers will con

But lids have a lonely look,

And let the reading go on, Just as it used to do.

If we who have sailed together

Fit out of each other's view, The world will sail on, I think, Just as it used to do.

And we may reckon by stars That flash from different skies,

And another of Love's pirates

May capture my lost prize; But ships long time together Can better the tempest weathe

Than any other two; So I think you had better be kind, And I had best be true,

HIRING CHINA.

Ten-Sets of Dishes.

[Washington Star.]

"It takes lots of chinaware for these

"Sell! Well, yes, we sell some; but-

these receptions is white!" Then he put hi

mouth close to the scribe's ear and whis

"What! For all these large receptions

Cabinet ministers, too! You don't say that

they."
"Yes, all of them nearly hire their chins

for such occasions. You see at some recep-tions, such as those given by the cabinet officers, foreign ministers, supreme judges,

and the like, there are 400 or 500 guests pre-

ent. All have to be served. Now, you don't expect them to keep a china store. No.

no, they hire their service. That's going

to—, but I guess not; I won't tell you where. If you go there you may eat out of

"Yes, receptions break china very fast,

but we get paid for all that, and charge a percentage on its value for its use. There

is hardly a reception given in Washington where there is not hired china on the table.

It's cheaper to hire than to own. Some per

occasions, because it is too expensive to have

broken and is hard to replace. Others don't

have it. What we hire is nice china, but, as

I said, it is plain white. We seldom hire

any other kind, and when we do it is never

he same set twice."
"Why is that?" asked the scribe, "don't

they like the colored!"
"Well, no, they don't like it. I guess not.

Now, you go to A's to-night; you see a set of

china with peculiar Japanese figures on it.

You go to B's next evening; more Japanese

figures. Again, C's chocolate is served in Japanese. All the rage! Ah! Japanese fig-

ures are just the thing in china now. You

to one side, puts her fingers to her lips in a

sly fashion, and whispers close into your

ear: 'Hired!' Now, you see, that won't do.

If they are all alike they must be white-

plain white. Then, too, it is easier to re-

place when broken. Yes, all the first-class stores have china to hire."

Chat with a Veteran Fireman-What

Ninety-Nine Out of a Hundred

Are Likely to Do-The

Proper Course.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The terrible death of James Carr at a re-sent north side fire chanced to be mentioned

the other day during a conversation between

veteran fireman attached to one of the

own-town engine companies and a reporter.
"It is too bad," said the reporter, "that so

crave a fellow should have lost his life after

having done so much for his fellow-work-

"Yes, it is too bad," assented the fireman,

s he gazed reflectively at the ceiling; but

do you know that there was really no reason

n the world why he should have died as he

"Well, it's just like this: Most people never give any thought to what they would

do in case they were caught in a burning building, and there is probably not one in a thousand who would have known how to

ave himself if he had been placed where

Carr was at that fire. Now, supposing you were unfortunate enough to be in a building

that was fire and were obliged to look to a

only means of escape. What would you

"Why, I suppose I would climb out on the window-ledge and howl for a ladder, or a

window-ledge and now for a mader, of a rope, or something."

"Yes, I suppose you would. And if the smoke got too thick for you, or it should become hot enough to make you think you were being slowly roasted to death, and there was no immediate propect of a ladder

being raised to you, what would you do

"In such a case I suppose I would jump and

"And that is just what ninety-nine out of a hundred would do if similarly situated.

The hundredth man would keep his head

and, after getting on the ledge, he would

of course cut off the smoke that was suffo-

cating him, and, in case there was much heat behind him, it would cut

that off too. He would then have a com-

paratively cool place where he could remain

for fifteen or twenty minutes longer than he would have been able to do if the window

had been left open. By that time, in this city anyway, a ladder would have been

"But if they could not get a ladder to him,

rope to him, either from the roof of the ad-

"True; but they got a rope to Carr, and it

didn't do him any good."
"That was only because be didn't know

how to use it to the best advantage. What he did was simply to take the

end of the rope in his hands and jump. It is no wonder that when he got to

the end of the slack the sudden jar broke his hold and he fell. Now, if he had

just tied a knot in the end of the rope and

shut the window down on it, he would have

had a means of escape that would have been

"Yes, but would the simple shutting-down of the window on the rope hold it? Wouldn't

the strain caused by the man's weight pull the whole thing out and drop him to the

"No, not if the window was as heavy as

the ordinary sash is in the down-town build-ings. If there is any doubt about it, though,

kick a hole through the glass near the bot-

tom of the window and give the rope a turn

t would be a comparatively easy matter

comparatively safe and easy,"

raised to him and he would have an descent to the ground."

"In any case they would be able to

oining building or from the street."

take my chances.

what then?"

street!"

vindow of the third or fourth story as your

were unfortunate enough to be in a be

"How do you figure it out?"

did#

that plate, and to-morrow night you may

eat from the same somewhere else. See!

"Don't it get broken?"

the scribe

And one may not read the book

It opens only to two; So I think you had better be kind, And I had best be true,

THE MOST EXPENSIVE EDIFICE ON OUR CONTINENT.

A Magnificent Mass of Stone - Description of the Interior-A Furniture Factory Inside the Building-Jealousy of Officials.

["Gath" in New York Tribune.] The state capitol building is the most ex-pensive edifice on this continent, having now ost approaching \$16,400,000. The capitol at Washington was summed up ten years ago to have cost about \$13,000,000, and since that time nothing has been added except the improvement of the capital grounds. The thought he could finish the capitol if he had \$3,000,000 voted in one lump. Some sceptics there say that the capitol will take \$10,000,000 more. If it is to be finished with the tower, I should think it would cost nearer \$25,000,000 than \$20,000,000. While the Albany capitol has great depth it is in its longest part hardly half the length of the national capitol. A good deal of the latter edifice is merely curtain or screen to connect the wings with the old center. The Albany capitol has three great stories mounted upon a great basement, and above the cornice are pavilions, themselves as high as ordinary business blocks in New York. The architecture of the capitol has manifestly changed, and beginning with hard and massive Renais sance rusticated, it seeks in the higher stories to get into Gothic, Eastern and Moorish forms, so that it may be likened to a stone flower-pot with the flowers popping out

It is impossible not to admire such a mag nificent mass of stone. Nearly everybody Not the Heathen Chines, but Dinter and likes the latest additions the best. We have had so much Roman Renaissance put up in this country in the past fifteen years that it has become monotonous. One of the architects of the Albany capitol was given the old receptions," said a china dealer to The Star man the other day, as the porter passed out court house of New York city to extend, and man the other day, as the porter passed out with a basketful of plain, white dishes. with complete indifference to what had been already done he put his Oriental architec "Yes, I suppose you sell considerable," said ture upon the classical body of the building Yet I saw a prominent architect not long ago reading a book of essays on architecture by this same man, and he said: "Here is the then he stopped and smiled curiously. "Well it isn't all sold that goes out. It comes back st writing I have ever seen in America by in most cases. That is, what isn't broken comes back. That's why it's plain white Haven't you noticed that all the china at

an architect." The state of New York has reached in the new capitol at Albany the highest monumentalizing of a province known in modern or perhaps feudal times. I can think of no public building in the old ducal sovereign ties of Europe which approaches in any way the proportions and expense of this of a mere state. Neither the American congress nor parliament nor any law-making body on the globe has such surroundings as senate and assembly of the prov-of New York. One architect ince took the assembly in hand, and another to use the words of Artemus Ward, "put soul" into the senate. A fine foreign critic on such matters would express the same astonishment entering these two chambers that the official classes of England do at the magnitude of the Federal printing. When Mr. Hendricks was at Albany a week or two ago, he exclaimed that he had seen nothing in Europe like this capitol, and he may live many hundred years in America before he will see anything like it. The world seems to have been ransacked for building ma

The assembly sits under a roof that would make old William Rufus pale with envy. There are great fire-places in these chambers which seem designed in some distant future to be the tombs of great governors. The paintings in the assembly chamber are about 100 years ahead of American appreciation and as art is forever moving along, they will perhaps be 200 years behind it when the proper generation catches up. The very subjects indicated seem to show that the artist, like the architects, was working for the encomiums of posterity. This pupil of Couture's is of honest Republican descent, and the "Flight of Night" and the "Dis coverer" might have been Couture's own in oiration. The Gothic stairway of one architect is now being thrown into mere democ racy by the stairway of his competitor, which is for the present half covered with scaffolding. ole are inomisitive about the bird

price of furniture, they can understand it by

looking into the Albany state house. The architects have a furniture factory right in the capitol, for they would be ashamed to have "store furniture" put under their mag nificent embossed ceilings and against their beautiful leather walls; hence every chair is designed for a particular room, and mahoe any is preferred above all things, with wal nut at a discount, though now and the some oak or ash is allowed to come in. You can see clocks there twenty feet high, lookin like Gothic towers taken from old palaces—so big, indeed, that if you put your ear to the case you can hardly believe the clock is going, as the dimensions almost exhaust the carrying power of sound. In some of the fire the carving is so minute that the workman will be a month at a good fat price a day executing a few square feet of it. Marble are brought here from Siena because they have a certain flesh tint or yellow tint which will set off the brass properly. The wooder panels are made to receive paintings of ymbols in gilt. As you go from room to room, each, one putting royalty back in the cradle, you are hardly surprised to hear that the officials are jealous of each other or the question of room, and that a man with a chamber only 100 feet square is not on speaking terms with another officer who has chamber 125 feet square.

The very judges, moderate in all other respects, were inflexible on this subject of architectural position. Soon after they were put in the court chamber on the north side of the new capitol, they resumed the robes their ancestors had thrown away, in order not to seem out of keeping with the architecture. By the time the architect get through they will have all the messengers uniformed pietaid, and it will be a peni-tentiary offense to appear out of one's series of spartments with an irrelevant color. Th judges found, when they had resumed their robes, that they had a north light upor them which was entirely unartistic. So they demanded a south light under penalty of taking off the robes, and some unfortunate person, perhaps the state librarian, was driven out of the receptacle of his treasures, and there the court sits in brand-new rob in a most delightful room which to behold only once would make the supreme court at Washington shout out for envy. Around this room the heads of all the great jurists of the past and yesterday are beginning to come out. Over the bench on one side is Chief Justice Folger and on the other is Chief Justice Church. Before they get through, paintings are to be everywhere around this room of the jurists of New York.

On some of the horse car lines at New York and Brooklyn little heaters are used in the cars, and the passengers pronounce them a decided success. A small cylindrical stove is placed in the middle of the car, on one de, the seat being cut away to admit it. Zinc-lined partitions run up on either side to protect the passengers from undue heat.

President Cleveland's Church. [Ben: Perley Poore.]

The new president will have his unmarried sters and probably one of his married sisters to preside over the domestic arrangemen the White House, and it is understood that there will be more simplicity and les attempt at display than there has been sine the time of Buchanan. President Cleveland will attend the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, the present pastor of which i the Rev. William Alvin Bartlett, who was his coilege classmate. President Lincoln used to attend the Presbyterian church, when he went anywhere, which was seldom Grant and Hayes were Methodists, Garfield attended the Christian church, and Arthur worships at St. John's Episcopal church, where he was married.

> A Onick Revenge. [Philadelphia Call.]

Eulalia-Horrors! Edith-What's the matter? "A London chemist, in an analysis of the

tea we drink, found that it contained 'nutgalls, iron filings, filbert husks, sulphate of copper, hornets' nests, acetic acid, green paint, tar rope, dessicated door mats, etc." "Oh! cut that out for me, please." "What in the world do you want of that!"

"I want to send it to Mrs. Purseproud." Why, what for!" "The ugly thing didn't invite me to he o'clock tea."

Superior Excellence.

The reasons for PERUNA'S superior excellence in all diseases, and its modus op-erandi, are fully explained in Dr. Hartman's lecture, reported in his book on the "Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," from page I to page Io though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this par excellent remedy.

These books can be ind at all the drug

stores gratis. W. D. Williams, U. S. Pension Agent and Notary Public, New Vienna, Clinton County, Ohio, writes: "I take great pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and can say I am almost a new man. Have had the catarrh about twenty years. Before I knew what it was, had settled on the lungs and breast, but can now say I am almost well. Was in the army; could get no medicine there that would relieve me."

Col. E. Finger, Ashland, Ohio, writes: I am happy to say I have used several bottles of your medicine called PEBUNA, and my health has been greatly improved by it. I cheerfully recommend PERUNA to all who suffer with heart trouble, as being an invaluable medicine."

Rev. J. M. Ingling, Altamont, Ill., writes: "My father-in-law, who resides with me has been using your PERUNA for kidney disease, which has afflicted him for forty years and could get no relief until he saw your medicine. I induced him to try a bottle, which he did, and the one bottle of PERUNA and one bottle of MAN-ALIN has given him more relief than all the other medicines he ever used."

Mr. Robert Grimes, Rendville, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been an intense sufferer from chronic catarrh, and after every other remedy had failed she com-menced to use your PERUNA and MANA-LIN. They have helped my dear wife more than anything she has ever used. She has now taken two bottles, and is so much better that she will never quit its use until she is entirely well. It has wonderfully improved her sight. We think PERUNA and MANALIN will cure any

R. Palmer, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, No. 192 Canal Street, Wilkes-barre, Luzerne Co., Pa., writes: "Having used your PERUNA, and by experience became acquainted with its value, I write

PERUNA and one of MANALIN by ex-Cook Bros., Prospect, Marion County, Dhio, writes: "We have a good trade ca "RUNA, our customers speak wel' of it

KIDNEY-WOR THE SURE CURE KIDNEY DISEASES. LIVER COMPLAINTS. CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY. "Kidney-Wort is the most successful remed ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vi "Kidney-Wort is always retiable." Dr. R. N. Clark, 6o. Hero, Vt. "Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two year uffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ge

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION. but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

EFIT eleaners the Blood and Strengthess and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleaned of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. MCR, \$1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY

Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Surits KIDNEY-WOLT

"I was taken sick a year ago With billious fever." "My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I Could not move! I shrunk!

From 228 lbs, to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and fter using several bottles, I am not only as

did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life." R FITTEPATRICE Dublin, June 6, '81. CHAPTER II.

sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—suffered with attacks of sick headache,"
Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the nost terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relie or cure, until I used Hop Bitters. "The first bottle Nearly cured me!"

The second made me as well and strong a when a child. "And I have been so to this day." My husband has been an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver, and urinary complaint, "Pronounced by Boston's best physi-"Incurable!" Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and

know of the "Lives of eight persons" In my neighborhood that have been saved y your bitters, And many more are using them with great

benefit. "They almost Do miracles!" - Mrs. E. D. Slack. How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; cat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrous advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in turve words—Take Hop Bitters!

Mr. Jones Goes Snopping

Exchange. "Jeptha," said Mrs. Jones, as her husband rose from the dinner table, "I wish you would get me some skeins of embroide silk at some of the dry good stores, and save me from going down-town to-day. "All right," said Jones; airily, "what color

do you want!" "Oh, a mixed gray and black, something like your bair," said Mrs. Jones, pleasantly The first store that Jones went into the girls stood in lines behind the silk counter, and looked him over as he approached; he felt cold chills running up and down his vertebræ, his knees shook n spiration started out on his noble brow as

sked for embroidery silk. "What colorf" asked one of the sales ladies as she smiled sweetly at Jones' mus-"Just the color of your hair," he said in a

soft, beseeching tone, that sounded like a cat lapping cream.

And then he saw a change come over the face of the girl even as a thunder-storm crosses the blue of a summer sky, and she turned her back to him, pulled down a box, slammed it on the counter, jerked off the cover and revealed a mass of scarlet silks.

Good heavens! The girl had fiery red He made his peace with her finally, and got out of the store alive. He said it was his own hair he meant, and he took off his hat own nair ne means, and he have skeins and humbly and she got the mixed skeins and gave them to him with his change.

Jones started.

"It would have saved you some trouble if you had told me in the first place that you wanted silks the color of a singed owl," she said sweetly.

Jones says it was a hair-breadth escape for

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the rural editor. eading the head of Swinburne's last poem, "The Poet Is Immortal," and dum The Poet is immortal," and dumping a two-pound ode to the "Falling Leaf" into the waste-basket, be added: "This is the most depressing piece of intelligence I've men in the papers for a long time."